

LOVE'S SEASONS.

The wall flowers to the field wild
To dance their golden heads
And eff' the daisy the hawk-bill
To dance their golden heads
To dance their golden heads
The love time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,
Weighed down by balls of yellow gold;
The poppy buds, so fiery bright,
Mosses would burst the heart's hold.
The summer's love, the summer's love,
The love time of the year, my dear!

The birds are singing for the south,
The off' marks have been to their towers,
And dandelion seeds to float
Like ever-ghosts of golden flowers
The autumn's love, the autumn's love,
The love time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gay
Than are the eyes of her I love;
More dainty white than her sweet breast
The snow lies not the earth above
The winter's love, the winter's love,
The love time of the year, my dear!

Amelia Rivers in Harper's Magazine.

MY MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

While I was in Europe, nearly twenty years ago, teaching the world that there was something else than grizzly bears and centipedes in California, and inducing English travelers to make the circuit of the globe by way of our lines instead of going to and from Australia direct—I say while engaged in this no light task, and with what success let the land testify, some enterprising newspapers discovered that the secret of my life on Mount Shasta among the savages was not for the lofty purposes of writing poetry from nature, but for the purpose of robbery and plunder.

And I did not deny it. So far from that I took the facts, as furnished me by the newspapers of the time, and wrote out a full and elaborate confession. But I stopped short of the secret source of my wealth; the vast wealth which paved my way to the first steps of the throne of Europe. And now again these same enterprising historians of my deeds are pushing their inquiries as to the source of my present great fortune. For how indeed can a man build a castle and be the lord of so many acres in the suburbs of a great city without a mountain of gold, or at least a canyon of buried treasure, at his back? Besides that another delegation of old miners and mountaineers, who got all their facts from the same source, have come down from their snowy heights to gaze on the secrets of "The Lost Cabin," "The Buried Treasure," "The Mountain of Gold."

Well, I am growing old; and remembering the time and money that has been spent in searching for the lost treasure of Capt. Kidd and his companions, I have resolved at last to take up the narrative where I left off in my book, and give The Golden Era the story of the discovery of my mountain of gold and every incident connected therewith up to the last moment. I believe it. And in return for this secret I only ask that you who undertake the journal of this narrative will read it to the end. For all the point, all the purpose, all the real secret and solid truth and moral of the matter lies in the last paragraph, if not in the last line. In fact I feel quite certain that if we could only get at the true identified confessions of some of our greatest men—the world estimates greatness today—we would find something not very widely different from this I have here set down.

But I know you are eager to hear of the gold, and I proceed at once. In my narrative heretofore published, after the escape from the old adobe prison, I record the fact that we rode and rode night and day and night, and were now near to the borders of the river in the dead old mountains. The Indian girl had brought the best men of her tribe, also her father and her three brothers, to aid in the escape and flight. Be patient, I pass hurriedly on over the bloody event that left me entirely alone. I must, I see, come at once to the mountain of gold.

We met the soldiers who had been set to watch for us at the sleep and wooded crossing of a deep, wide river. We did not attempt to turn back on our weary and half dead horses, but, dashing to one side, we leaped, desperate and reckless, down the precipitous bank and struck, not heavily for the steeply sloping precipice that frowned to the very clouds on the other side.

And oh, the rain of deadly lead that followed and that fell from the soldiers as they stood on the high bluff above and fired down upon our heads.

Wary, so wary! Slow, so slow! The deep and the dark and the cold blue waters from the eternal mountain of waters before us were so cheerless and so chill! The rain of lead from above, the steep and inaccessible bluff before, the deep, dark waters below, were a tomb to many now. A shot would strike a horse in the spine, the back of the head, anywhere, and he would then drift silently down, the hot blood bursting from the nostrils and reddening the blue waters far around. A shot would strike an Indian in the back, on the head. He would slip from the saddle silently, and down, down and away; the great body of the mighty pines and firs and cedar and larch and hemlock leaning darkly over. And down, down, down, one after another, under that rain of deadly lead, till only I and the Indian girl, as if we had been too small for death to find there in the dark, deep waters—we alone survived as we neared the steep and snow-crowned bluff before us.

Another, a last farwell, shot from the soldiers on the bank behind us, and I climbed upon the rocky, grassy, desolate and lonely bank alone!

How I wanted to die! To die and float away in the great water tomb with those who had silently died for me. I arose at last and went to the water, and there saw two little hands clinging to the grass roots, two brown bare arms reaching up from out the water, too weak to climb up, too weak to cling longer, just letting go, the warm blood making the waters red around her!

I caught her up and with all my strength bore her back and up against the steep bluff that was warm with sunshine gone away!

I implored her to speak. But she could only look at me, her lips quivering, her little brown hands clutching her life blood trickling down on the grasses. Be patient; I come to the gold scene soon!

At length the curious moon came out from the lofty tree tops on the other side, and looked down at this child of the woods in pitying wonder. And then the stars, larger than tiger lilies, they too came down to see. For the girl was dead. I laid her down on the dry reeds, pine cones and drift wood, and stood there alone, so alone!

And my desolate life widened and widened there, widened away till it touched and took in the shores of death, and I was even then as an old man. Patience; I come to the gold soon!

from this river when full and raging. But oddly enough crickets were here. And they came out to sing; came clank in black, crept up close on the rocks and on the edge of rocks around her, as if singing on some heart-throat. And they knew they were safe, these little crickets clank in black. Her little brown hands had never harmed anything. And now? They were still and cold now. Patience; I pass on soon to the gold!

The moon slowly sinking. The moon was going away. She was going to leave me alone with my dead. The very stars seemed restless and uncertain, and kept wheeling about and around the crown and summit of the rocky little sandbar, and eagerly, desperately struck a fire. It was a friendly sight. The flames leaped up in my face, as a dog leaps up to lick your face with his red tongue when you have been long absent.

Oh, the kindly, friendly, familiar fire! It was as if I had known it a thousand years—this friendly fire leaping in my face. The red man's fire and the white man's fire, the northern fire and the southern fire, are the same. Patience; the gold soon!

And now the fire spread and ran to the dead. It reached out its arms to her where she lay pallid and alone on the white and rounded drift wood.

I understood. I leaped up the white and light and abundant wood. The fire took her in its pure embrace; and she mounted on stars of fire to the stars.

The sudden and impetuous flame that had leaped far up against the mighty granite wall before me had shown a narrow, almost precipitous path leading crosswise up the steep slopes to the world above.

And when I had had a circle of white stones about the ashes of my dead I went up to this narrow little path and examined it closely. It was smooth to the touch. I was thrilled with delight. May be it was smooth from the touch of human feet. At least it was a path of some wild animal; some sort of life was surely in the habit of passing from this awful depth and narrow spot to the light and life above; and surely I could climb where other bear or mountain lion could climb.

The moon was getting far around. But I felt that if I could climb up for a few hundred feet I could then get her light full on the steep rocks before me, and then know whether or not to proceed. One thing certain: I could not remain where I was. Bear with me; we now come to the gold.

Tightening my belt, tying my moccasins strings so that my feet might be certain as the feet of the wild beasts of the forest about me, I sprang desperately up the ledge.

One hundred feet! 200 feet! And then my breath began to fail a little, and, hanging on to the rocks in the narrow little pass, I began to look out and above and over the great, deep waters below.

Not a sound, not even a single object in sight below. Death had come and death had taken my friends and fled. The fire had come and gone. The fire had come out of the rocks below and taken my life, my love, the beautiful Indian girl, and gone away. How alone I was now! Listen! We come to the gold now! But the moon was with me, lingered with me a little still. I had overtaken her in her flight. And the stars were close about me now. I was accompanied with worlds I shall see hereafter. I was set apart, as it seemed to me, and belonged to space. Patience; one moment more, then the gold!

The narrow path had not been quite perpendicular. It ran up the river, as it were, but steep, so steep! Another struggle forward; but now my narrow little path, which I could see by the moonlight, was made in the track of an old and decayed quartz vein. It was smooth as oil to the touch, this precipitous, overhanging path of mine; and I wondered what beast could find pleasure or profit in passing up or down this frightful route.

I began to think of returning. Then I shuddered at the thought. It was so dark, so desolate, so deadly there. Then I felt of the smooth rock under my feet, and I knew that there was less peril in going ahead than in attempting to descend. Death was before me, behind me. I tightened my belt again with my left hand as I held on with my right to a jutting crag on the edge of my steep, smooth path, and then again, with clenched teeth and set lips, I struggled up and on.

The path wound out and still further over the dark abyss below. But the moon was there, close about me, closer than before; and the stars! I shall never have them so close about me again on earth.

But the path was so narrow now! So steep and so very narrow that my body could hardly be drawn between the smooth hard rocks.

And at the last this steep and narrow groove began to grow shallow! What if it should come entirely to the surface? What if it should end entirely here?

I had now made at least 300 feet. At an angle of 45 degrees you can calculate with precision how far above the dark waters I was hanging.

I did not dare look below. I did not dare think of turning back now. I hardly dared breathe. On! on! On! Slowly, steadily, up! up! up! My fingers were benumbed. My feet also had almost failed me!

At last! suddenly my outstretched hand struck a level spot, and I drew myself upon into a little resting place. And with such thankfulness as few can ever know!

The moon was full in my back now, and looking straight into the rounded narrow little level resting place before me. There was a pool of water here in the heart of this niche in the awful overhanging precipice. And around this little pool of water, with all the order of nature undisturbed, there was growing a little garden of yellow flowers. As if this fissure of the earth was some angel's own perfect little garden.

I gathered these flowers. They were only a few, and oh, so frail! Then reaching my right hand out and over the dark waters below I threw them with all my might down and away toward where a heap of ashes lay. Be patient; the gold now!

The moon was going behind the steep wall very suddenly now. Soon it would be dark. Would wild beasts come down the pathway there? It was not wide enough for two of us to meet anywhere except at this one narrow little resting place where these flowers were. Would they come?

Suddenly I began to wonder why those frail little flowers had grown in such a troubled perfection. How could these flowers grow there under the passing feet of the wild beasts?

I looked up. The path was nearly precipitous now; and it literally hung above the waters.

To my horror I now saw trickling down the deepest trench and groove of the cleft in the overhanging rock a feeble stream of water!

Ah, then I knew why the flowers had not been broken. No foot mark had ever been made on this smooth rock by either man or beast!

No living thing had ever passed this way before. This seam of old and decaying quartz had been fashioned out by the rains of heaven and the melting snows. Where did this little water course come from? Would it end suddenly and leave me hanging on the face of the precipice and in mid air?

I grew desperate at the thought of it. I sprang up and on, determined to know the worst. It was hard work getting on and up;

but I was refreshed by my rest. I was also made desperate by my surroundings.

I had known from the first that this old decayed seam of quartz was a gold bearing vein; but there was nothing new or of special interest in that; for I had galloped my horse many a time over mountains of gold, and never had once cared to get down and pick it up.

Gold was abundant here all up and down this precipitous vein. I could see it in seams wherever I turned my eyes. I could feel it with my hands as I climbed. It has a softer touch than stone, and seems smooth and oily.

At last, when almost ready to abandon all hope, when almost ready to let go my hold and fall to the dark deep waters under me, I found another little resting place. I had not gone far this last effort. Yet I was entirely exhausted. And how far to the summit now!

I was in utter despair. The place where I rested was almost precipitous, and I could not rest long here. Besides being so very steep, it was very slippery from the smooth oily gold, made more smooth and oily by the little rivulet that trickled down under my feet.

I should certainly slip and fall if I remained. But could I go on? I attempted it, and a few feet further on I found my way literally barred with bars of gold that crossed the groove! The quartz had decayed and fallen away, and the waters had washed and rounded and smoothed these bars of gold while they deepened the narrow little vein where the decayed rock had been. These dreadful prison bars of gold had only been washed smooth and beautiful and bright to shut me from the upper world forever. These bars and cords of gold were stretched across like the golden cords and strings of some mighty mountain harp of gold.

And now I knew that I must fall. Nor did I despair even now of life. In fact I remember perfectly well how precise and how careful I was in my calculations. I estimated the distance, the depth of the cold dark waters below, where I should strike in my fall, how deep I would sink, how soon I should rise, how far I should have to swim, and all the terrible details. We think very fast at such times.

I had had hold of the two strongest and longest bars of gold which blocked my progress. I felt certain that they could not be very firmly fixed in the narrow vein of rotten quartz. I shook at them as I had shaken at my prison bars when in a terrible prison. I felt them surely begin to yield. Cool, calm and deliberate, I decided not to attempt to leap, but to hold on fast to the bars of gold which I felt were gradually giving way. My feet were slipping from under my feet. This would throw my whole weight on the bars of gold. They were surely, certainly, fast giving way. When they no longer held me I should drop; down, down, down!

I had decided to hold my hands straight and hard and fast, and firmly above my head, as I was holding them at that moment.

This would keep my body stiff and straight in the descent. I should pierce the water below like an arrow.

When once deep and far down in the waters I should let go the gold, dart up like a cork to the surface and be saved. I did not have long to wait. I did not have to wait ten seconds. The bars of gold gave way! I could not save myself! Down! down! down! The stars looked me in the face, full and tranquil, as I fell!

I struck the water straight as a shot. I felt the cool, sweet waves in my face. I heard the waters crash above my head as I went down, down, down, with my gold.

I retained my senses. I am perfectly certain of that. I did all things just as I had decided to do.

Nay, I did all things as I had intended to do, except one thing. And that was my fatal mistake. I did not like to let go of my gold. I would not, I could not let go of my gold. And so I was drowned.—Joaquin Miller in The Golden Era.

What a Sportsman says.

I once peeped in upon the meeting of a society for the protection of wild birds, or something of the sort, and noted that nearly every man present wore beaver or otter or fox fur ornaments, and every woman had on a seal skin. Poor little soft furred animals, why are they so cruelly treated? I suppose there is a difference of a radical sort between fur and feathers. Up in the far north they beat seals to death with clubs and dressy women everywhere are glad of it; down in Florida they shoot herons with guns, and the bird cranks walk about it from the depths of their luxurious furs. Oh, humanity, thou art a delicious fraud! If seal skin were ugly it would not be fashionable; if plumes were not beautiful herons would not be killed.

Ah, do you know my beautiful young lady, how many murdered silk worms your resplendent gown represents? Poor little creatures, they had to be killed in order to get their cocoons! Let's get up a society for the protection of silk worms. Don't you feel rather mean when you reflect that each time you twang your guitar or scrape your violin you are torturing the bowels of a crucified insect? What cruelty for the mere luxury of music! Take that transparent comb out of your hair this minute; it's made of a shell torn from the back of a murdered tortoise! By the way, there is a heron plume in your hat. Your gloves once covered the delicate flesh of a kid; your shoes, too, once bleated and kicked up and played in the sunshine of France, as lively a goat as the one that ran away from good M. Seguin in Daudet's charming story. Let those who reside in transparent houses refrain from peeping through other people's windows. There's no telling where the peeping business is going to end.—Maurice Thompson in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gazing at the Stars.

In some remarkable mathematical observations by M. Hermite concerning the number of stars, he shows that the total number visible to the naked eye of an observer of average visual power does not exceed 6,000, and of these the southern hemisphere contains somewhat the larger number. In order to see this number of stars the night must be moonless, the sky cloudless and the atmosphere pure, and here the power of the unaided eye stops; an opera glass will bring out 20,000, while a small telescope will bring out at least 150,000, and the most powerful telescopes yet constructed will show more than 100,000,000. M. Hermite concludes from his various observations that the light emitted by all the stars upon the whole surface of the globe is equal to one-tenth of the light of the full moon.—Chicago Herald.

Death Rather Than Dishonor.

The Congregationalist takes issue with Cardinal Manning and others who teach that a man may steal to save his life. It says that many a man has died rather than steal to save his life, and has chosen death rightly and wisely. "The dire alternative does not often occur, but when it does, then God means us to welcome death rather than dishonor." It claims that teaching the contrary has done more than almost anything else to corrupt public morals.—New York Sun.

Flechettes, a new in or out door game, has taken Paris by storm. It consists in throwing feathered darts, like javalins, at a target.

AMID DRIFTING SANDS.

STRANGE SCENES AMONG THE SHIFTING DUNES OF NEBRASKA.

An Ocean Turned to Sand White Tossed by a Storm—Silence and a Labyrinth of Shadows—A Well Dug by the Wind. A Vagrant Country.

The "sand hills" in Nebraska are peculiar. Drifted east, west, north, south, everywhere, by each wind that blows; whirled up into a conical peak by the wind of today, only to be blown out into a long, low drift by that of tomorrow, tossed about hither and thither, like snow by every passing breeze—these sand dunes have a strange, uncertain existence, almost as fickle and capricious as the wind itself. They are a shifting, moving desert, an ever billowing ocean on which one may walk, mounting the waves, and, looking off across the restless surface, see sand and sky, nothing more. They are unique, an ocean, while tossed by a storm, turned to sand, and still like the ocean, the waves rising and falling, only slower. Fitful, unquiet, restless, a vagrant country.

The sand hills are desolate, dreary, silent. On a calm day the silence is oppressive. I remember riding up on the top of one of these drifts of sand one afternoon when the sun was sinking well down toward the west, and it seemed as if there was nothing around me but shadows—every cone throwing a dark shadow half way up the grayish yellow side of the next. I had left the wagon an hour before, as we were going along the trail four or five miles to the south, and ridden off among the hills on the pony after some antelopes of which we had caught sight. It was a still, calm October day—not a breath of wind, not a cloud in sight. I had wandered over and among the hills for some time, when I stopped to rest on the top of one rather higher than the others. It seemed as if I could see thousands of the little round, conical hills—each forty or fifty feet high—perhaps—each like all the others—each casting a dark, semi-circular shadow. As the eye reached further across the hills seemed to become lost and gradually melt into one another, but the shadows remained, making a landscape of shadows—half shadows, half sunlight. The shadows lay thick and regular over the sandy waste, as if some giant had gone over the whole country with a huge paint brush, and touched the landscape regularly with dark blotches. Their edges almost met, with only a trace of sunlight dividing them. In time the view would have grown monotonous, but then it was strange, unique, bewildering. It was silence and desolation lying at one's feet with the sort of afternoon sun—a little redder than usual, a little like Indian summer—flooding it with a lazy light, and gradually sinking lower and lower, while the shadows rose higher and higher.

Some little distance away I could see a couple of the antelopes I had started after on top of one of the hills, gazing toward me with mild surprise at the fact that I thought I was going to get them. Sitting half way up the side of almost the next hill was a lean and hungry coyote. At the foot of the one where I stood lay scattered the bones of two or three buffaloes, half buried in the sand, with their white, spectral looking skulls and dark horns. The rest was sand—sand and shadows and silence.

My pony stood with her feet buried in the sand, pawing the wolf. Nothing stirred. It seemed as if I could feel the silence. It pressed down all around. It was everywhere. I wondered how far into the edges of this desert the noises of the world without penetrated. I spoke, and it sounded like a voice from behind the next sand dune—from some one unseen. It was strange, this deep silence; and as the shadows crept gradually up the hills the whole scene became weird. It seemed as if I was in a labyrinth of shadows—shut in among the shadows by silence—and gradually I began to doubt whether I knew the directions, or whether there was such a thing as direction or distance. Only shadows, and more shadows, and a dead, heavy, almost painful silence. I wondered if there was ever any sound here, or if—there was—the silence was broken by a flock of sandhill cranes, flying over so far above that they looked but little more than specks, but the flapping of their wings came clear and distinct. Then a little burrowing owl flew out of the next shadow toward the sun, and flapped his way slowly around another hill, and the coyote went in what appeared to me to be a rather fruitless pursuit, and the antelopes bounded away, looking no bigger than rabbits as they disappeared among the hills and shadows.

There was no limit to the view—hills and shadows, shadows and hills, as far as the eye could reach—and far beyond. It was fifty miles to the east before the fertile country was encountered; almost as far to the west. The sand hills stretched away 120 miles to the south; I don't know how far to the north—it was not above two miles to the line between Nebraska and Dakota, and beyond that was the great Sioux Indian reservation, reaching away to the north almost 300 miles. It made little difference how far the sand extended; this was equally wild and unmanicured whether it was a desert or a fertile plain. Ten miles to the south was the Niobrara river—a small stream rolling along through the sand and between low bluffs, and constantly growing smaller instead of larger on its way to the Missouri. Well up toward its head, more than 100 miles to the west, it seems as large as at its mouth. Between being swallowed up by the sands and evaporated by the hot sun and scorching winds, unfortunate Niobrara struggles half its course.

The only variation to the scene of hill and shadow was far to the northwest—so far that it was scarcely noticed at first. Here in one place the hills grew lower till gradually the shadows melted together, and a narrow but well defined valley could be traced, at the bottom of which, gleaming in the sun, lay a little silver lake—a glimmering mirror among the sand dunes. It was where the wind, during some dry season, had whirled the sand away and scooped down lower than usual—below the water line—and afterward the water had run in and formed the little pond. It was a well dug by the wind.

With a field glass I could see that around this miniature lake there was quite an oasis—the grass grew rank and tall and held back the sand from drifting over it and again claiming its own. There are several other similar lakes near this one, not visible from where I was. They are the reputed headwaters of the Kiva-Paba river, though they only connect with this stream in the spring, when the snow melts and enough of the water escapes the sand to flow along a narrow valley. There are a few such valleys scattered at long intervals all through the sand hills—slender oases—affording just enough grass for occasional bands of antelopes.

These sands blow about all winter—they are too dry to freeze, if the snow covers them it soon blows off, and with it the hill on which it lay. Along the railroad a heavy wind will frequently drift the sand into the cuts till it stops the trains. I have myself seen six inches of sand on the track in some places. A heavy rain will partially subside the sand for a very short time—while it is raining, perhaps, not much longer.—Chicago Tribune.

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DUNCAN, O'CONNOR & GILBERT,
Attorneys at Law,
Masters of the State of Illinois, County of La Salle—
In the matter of George M. Murphy vs. Mary Morrissey and Michael Morrissey, the heirs of George M. Murphy.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree of the court in the above entitled cause, made on the twenty-seventh day of January, 1888, I, the undersigned, Master in Chancery for said county, on Monday, the twenty-sixth day of March, 1888, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, shall sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, at the north door of the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said decree, situated in the county of La Salle and state of Illinois, to-wit:

Lot numbered two (2) and three (3), in block numbered sixty seven (67), situated in the city of La Salle, Illinois, February 15, 1888.

DUNCAN, O'CONNOR & GILBERT,
Masters in Chancery for said Circuit Court.

NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given, that the County Board of La Salle County, Illinois, will meet in special session at the Court House in Ottawa, in said county, for transaction of general business, on Monday, the 17th day of March, A. D. 1888.

Dated this 1st day of March, A. D. 1888.

JAMES H. HARTY, Administrator.
P. FINLEN, Clerk.

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TIMING TABLE.
April 1st, 1887.

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Going South.	STATIONS.	Going North.
7:00 A. M.	Chicago	7:00 A. M.
7:15 A. M.	Aurora	7:15 A. M.
7:30 A. M.	Streator	7:30 A. M.
7:45 A. M.	Yattonville	7:45 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	Streator	8:00 A. M.
8:15 A. M.	Aurora	8:15 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	Chicago	8:30 A. M.
8:45 A. M.	Chicago	8:45 A. M.
9:00 A. M.	Chicago	9:00 A. M.
9:15 A. M.	Chicago	9:15 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	Chicago	9:30 A. M.
9:45 A. M.	Chicago	9:45 A. M.
10:00 A. M.	Chicago	10:00 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	Chicago	10:15 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	Chicago	10:30 A. M.
10:45 A. M.	Chicago	10:45 A. M.
11:00 A. M.	Chicago	11:00 A. M.
11:15 A. M.	Chicago	11:15 A. M.
11:30 A. M.	Chicago	11:30 A. M.
11:45 A. M.	Chicago	11:45 A. M.
12:00 P. M.	Chicago	12:00 P. M.
12:15 P. M.	Chicago	12:15 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	Chicago	12:30 P. M.
12:45 P. M.	Chicago	12:45 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	Chicago	1:00 P. M.
1:15 P. M.	Chicago	1:15 P. M.
1:30 P. M.	Chicago	1:30 P. M.
1:45 P. M.	Chicago	1:45 P. M.
2:00 P. M.	Chicago	2:00 P. M.
2:15 P. M.	Chicago	2:15 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	Chicago	2:30 P. M.
2:45 P. M.	Chicago	2:45 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	Chicago	3:00 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	Chicago	3:15 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Chicago	3:30 P. M.
3:45 P. M.	Chicago	3:45 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	Chicago	4:00 P. M.
4:15 P. M.	Chicago	4:15 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	Chicago	4:30 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	Chicago	4:45 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	Chicago	5:00 P. M.
5:15 P. M.	Chicago	5:15 P. M.
5:30 P. M.		